

# Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 10.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1803.

WHOLE NO. 749.

## ROBERT THE BRAVE.

[CONTINUED.]

ROGER reflecting on all the dangers to which he might be exposed by the sight of her he loved, carefully avoided her presence; but soon he felt no small uneasiness lest his frequent absence should excite suspicion, and hoped to remove this by appearing to give himself up with extreme ardor to the pleasures of the chase. When in the woods, he would wander far from his attendants, preferring the most lonely places, where he might be at liberty to repeat the name of Elvize, though as often as his lips uttered it tears flowed from his eyes.

Yet there were times when the exercise in which he was engaged suspended the emotions of his grief, and these were when he exercised his strength and address in attacking the fiercest wild boars. One day, one of these animals, pursued by the dogs, took shelter in a thick wood which skirted the forest on the side of the gardens, where, covered with foam, and with eyes sparkling with rage, he made head against the dogs, tearing many of them with his tusks, and opposing to them a resistance which, numerous as they were, they could not overcome. Roger, hearing the noise, hastened to the spot, and prepared to attack the furious wild beast with the weapon he usually employed on such occasions. On a sudden the animal, disengaging himself from the dogs, rushed upon him; but Roger, with his usual courage and address, gave him a mortal blow with his pike, which extended him almost motionless at his feet. The impulse was so violent that the young count fell with him. At the same moment a loud shriek was heard. Roger was on his feet in an instant, at the sound of a voice which he could not mistake, and which appeared to proceed from a kind of thicket at the bottom of the gardens near that of the forest. Thither he flew with the utmost speed, and what was his surprise when he perceived Elvize deprived of sense! He clasped her in his arms, endeavored to revive her, and shuddered with despair at perceiving all his endeavors fruitless. He dared not leave her to seek for aid, and his cries, stifled by his alarm and agitation, could not be heard. The tears which fell from his eyes moistened the countenance of Elvize, and a feeble motion then announced that she would soon again view the light. She began to respire, opened her eyes, and, with eager gaze, surveyed the objects around her. "Ah!" exclaimed she, perceiving Roger who supported her, and whom she involuntarily pressed in her arms, "is it you? Are you not hurt? For Heaven's sake, satisfy me!"—At these words she became more calm, breathed more freely, her color began to return, and Roger no longer trembled for her life. But still alarmed at the accident of which he wished to learn the cause, he requested her, in the most pressing manner, to inform him what motive could bring her to the place where he found her. At this question Elvize felt the palpitations of her heart redouble, a crimson blush overspread her cheeks, she hesitated for some moments, and then replied, that hearing the noise of the dogs while she was walking in the gardens, her desire to view the chase had brought her to that thicket, and that her fears had overpowered her

when she saw him fall after having struck the boar. "Oh heaven!" exclaimed he, with a look of tenderness which made its way to her heart, "can it be possible that the life of Roger is so dear to you!" Elvize cast down her eyes, her cheeks assumed a deeper crimson, her tongue could not utter a word. Roger, regaining his recollection, dared no longer either to question her or look upon her. She at length summoned up strength sufficient to break this painful silence, and replied, with dignity—"Can the daughter of Robert ever forget the example of her father, and cease to love her masters?"—"Her masters!" repeated Robert with a sensible agitation: "In pity to me pronounce no more that word, which so fearfully pierces my heart! Is there any throne which you are not worthy to ascend? Oh! why have I not a sceptre to offer you?"

At this moment the attendant-huntmen came up, and saw the wild boar expiring. Alarmed at finding the weapon with which he had been wounded, and not perceiving Roger, they called with loud cries. The young count heard them, and felt the necessity of answering them, and the still greater of preventing them from seeing Elvize. He replied to their call; and, casting a last look on the object of his affections, which was followed by a profound sigh, rushed out of the thicket, joined his attendants, and led them with all speed from the place.

When he was gone, Elvize collected her strength, and returned to the castle, silent and pensive, and unable to forget what she had seen and heard. That Roger loved her she could no longer doubt, and still less was it possible that she should not feel the happiness that could not be the consequence of such an assurance. For a moment the misfortunes which futurity was preparing disappeared from her view; but this seducing calm vanished like the lightning's flash. She heard the voice of the countess calling her, and she must forget the tender sentiments which occupy her heart, and go obsequiously to receive her orders. She hastens, receives them and prepares to fulfil them; while her reflections compel her to compare this humble servitude with the views which a moment before the amiable Roger had formed to raise her to a throne.

The young count, after having assured his attendants of his safety by his presence, again quitted them. He could not resist the desire he felt to be alone, and indulge in reflecting on all he had seen or heard. Not an action, not a word, escaped his remembrance. He views Elvize sinking beneath her fears, and sees her once more reviving and fixing on him her eyes expressive of tender alarm. He seems to hear her eager and faltering voice. He recollects his own agitation, his answers, his wishes. He reflects that he can no longer preserve his secret, and that the confession of his passion can only tend to destroy the repose of Elvize. This is a crime of which he severely accuses himself; and though his oppressed heart never felt in a more lively manner the necessity of having a friend to share its pains, he renews his resolution to conceal his sentiments with an impenetrable veil. But it is in vain that he condemns himself to silence—nothing escapes the eye of tender and true friendship.

Robert had for a long time observed the pensive air and increasing melancholy of Roger, and had frequently pressed him to tell him its cause. The desire of sharing the pains of his friend had alone prompted him to make this enquiry, but he had never permitted himself to be too importunate or urgent. Perceiving, however, that Robert appeared to become continually more solicitous to avoid him, he resolved to question him, not relative to the secret which he appeared so anxious to conceal, but on the cause of that seeming estrangement which had given so much alarm to his friendship.

One day, when he observed Roger, more absent and gloomy than usual, directing his steps towards the forest, he followed him, and soon overtaking him, without giving him time to recover from his surprize, threw himself at his feet.

"Am I, then, no longer your friend?" said he. "You incessantly fly me: you suffer grief, of which you will not permit me to partake. Conceal your secret; I respect it: but deign to console my trembling friendship."

At these words, Roger, unable to resist the emotions he felt, advanced towards Robert, raised him from the ground, and clasped him to his heart. "Ah, my friend!" exclaimed he, "how little you know the importance of the request you have made! But I cannot refuse you. You will shrink with alarm; but hear my fatal secret. I love; my father is inflexible; and my mother prizes only the splendor of birth."

"Can you then have made a choice which you cannot avow?"

"Oh, no! never did Heaven form a maid so perfect! But how great is my surprize!—You yourself compel me to name her! Are, then, the eyes of a brother blind or unjust?—Your sister—"

"My sister!" repeated Robert, with consternation; and his arms, which clasped Roger, relaxed their hold, his eyes declined to the ground, and he kept a mournful silence.

At this alteration in his manner, despair changed the features of Roger.—"Alas!" exclaimed he, "this is too much! my friend likewise abandons me!"

These words were pronounced in a tone so feeling, that Robert, alarmed and still more affected, again encircled him with his arms.

"What then can be your hope?" rejoined he: "What projects can you form?"

"My hope! my projects!—I could only love. My heart was a prey to all the ardor, to all the disorder of that powerful passion, before I thought of the obstacles that opposed my wishes. I now perceive them all: I despair of overcoming them; and I only wish to die. But you—oh, you who have explored my heart! who alone are acquainted with my fatal secret! watch attentively over all my actions; read all my thoughts; recollect that love may lead me astray; observe all my steps; moderate my transports; be my guide; but, especially, never cease to be my brother and my friend!"

As he uttered these words, he hid his face in the bosom of Robert; their arms encircled each other, their tears mingled; and, animated by this moment, they renewed the



A moment of silence succeeded this delicious effusion of the heart: it was interrupted by a train of reflections which they communicated to each other. They repeated, with common consent, that this fatal secret must remain concealed from the knowledge of every one but themselves. Roger promised carefully to observe in every respect the dictates of delicacy and prudence; but he did not make the vain vow to renounce the thoughts dearest to his heart, nor even to turn away his eyes, should any happy accident present Elvira to his view.

[To be continued]

#### ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

GIBRALTAR, a town in the south of Spain, situated near what were formerly called the Pillars of Hercules, since the year 1704 possessed by the English, is so strongly fortified by nature and art, as to bid defiance to the utmost effort of human power. It is built at the foot of a barren rock, rising 1400 feet above the level of the sea. On the summit of the rock is a plain, whence the Mediterranean and the Atlantic appear in all their grandeur and sublimity.

Spain, having declared war upon G. Britain, and subdued the British possessions in West Florida, made an attack upon Gibraltar. July, 1779, the Spanish blockaded the town on the land side, and soon after invested it closely by sea, and endeavored to reduce the inhabitants by depriving them of the means of obtaining provisions. The attempts however proved abortive; and Spain, mortified at her repeated disappointments, determined upon more vigorous measures. After an ineffectual blockade, which continued nearly two years, the besiegers determined upon a bombardment. They mounted guns of the heaviest metal, and mortars of the largest dimensions, discharging torrents of fire. Though nature and art had inscribed invincibility upon the place; it seemed as if the rock itself must have given way to the omnipotence of Mars. Distinction of parts was lost in a general blaze. This dreadful cannonade continued almost incessantly for three weeks. It then slackened; but was not intermitted a day for more than a year. Considering the violence of this unexampled bombardment, the loss of men was less, than would have been expected. The works were but little injured; but many houses were destroyed, and the misery of the inhabitants was extreme.

Let us place ourselves spectators of this distressing scene. Behold the houses in flames. See the inhabitants, not buried in the ruins, nor torn in pieces by the destroying shells, flee, destruction following, to the remote parts of the rock in hope of safety! See mothers and children, clasped in each others arms, torn into atoms by the devouring cannon! See females of the most explicit sensibility, of the most delicate form, seek admittance, seek repose in the cafements amid the noise of soldiery and the groans of the dying! The scene is too affecting for sensibility to bear.

The works are at length carried to the perfection intended. The best engineers of France and Spain have united their abilities, and both kingdoms are in expectation of success. But where are the English during these operations? Are they calm spectators of their own destruction? Where is General Elliot, commander of the garrison? After retorting upon the besiegers without effect, he retrenched, and received with apparent serenity the fury of the attack. Here the man was completely lost in the General. Though the town was incessantly wrapped in flames; self-collected, unmoved the General stood, and viewed the awful scene. But, when to be inactive was no longer prudent; when all Europe stood aghast to see the fate of the garrison; Gen. Elliot, bold and undaunted, projected a sally, which was so successfully executed, that in a short time the enemy's works, upon which, much time, skill and labor had been spent, were entirely removed. The Spanish were completely routed, their works destroyed, their magazines blown up, and every thing combustible was in flames.

#### ANTIQUITY OF THE GOUT.

ASA was the first man who ever had the gout, and the consequence of his manner of treating it is thus related in the first book of Kings. "Now Asa, the king, was diseased in his feet, but instead of applying to the Lord, he applied unto the physicians, therefore the Lord slew him."

#### TO BE READ ARIGHT.

Once had . . . on both a set great store . . . and a . . . and took his word therefor . . . to my . . . and thought but words I got . . . of my . . . him I would not . . . and my . . . FRIEND . . . once before . . . and a . . . and my . . . and my

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### ADELIA.

WHETHER 'midst clouds I pass my time away,  
Or seek content in some lone solitude,  
In every place, throughout the lengthen'd day,  
ADELIA's lovely form will still intrude.  
Her smiling aspect, and enchanting eye,  
Which strikes the fond beholder with surprise;  
Alas! from her in vain I strive to fly,  
Such rapturous hopes within my breast arise!  
A form so beautiful, so divinely fair,  
And blest with every captivating charm,  
What heart would shun the sweet delusive snare,  
Or fail to be with such attractions warm!

N.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### TO HARLEIGH.

OH! heav'nly Muse! but lend thy powerful aid,  
To paint young HARLEIGH's glowing charms,  
In brilliant colors of a lasting shade,  
While Love directs, and Beauty warms  
My heart.  
Dear youth! what melting words can touch thy breast?  
What sounds delight thy generous ear?  
What notes, what melody, will please thee best?  
Is it a smile—a frown—or tear

From me?

Ah! what are pearls, what gold, what life to me!  
All, all, are poor unmeaning things!  
All void, if but one wounding frown from thee  
Escape, that leaves ten thousand stings

Behind.

Oh! HARLEIGH! lend an ear to ev'ry sigh,  
And let my verse not vainly flow;  
I sip delicious rapture from thine eye,  
And in thy presence feel the glow

Of love.

Disdain not then, O youth! these simple lays,  
But list with pleasure to her strain,  
Whose willing hand with joy can sing thy praise,  
Nor tune, O noble sir! in vain

The lyre.

MATILDA.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### ENIGMA.

LET heroes, so bold, boast the deeds they have done,  
The posts they have taken, or battles have won,  
You will surely aver it, and own it is true,  
I have cut off more thousands than ever they flew.  
I have cut off a hundred, perhaps, at one stroke,  
And quickly dispatch when my rage they provoke.  
Before they are fully prepar'd for the fight,  
By a magical touch, they're stry'd all in white.

QUINN.

#### VERSES ON A WITHERED LEAF, WHICH WAS BLOWN INTO THE AUTHOR'S BOSOM.

PALE wither'd wand'rer! seek not here  
A refuge from the ruthless sky;  
This breast affords no happier cheer  
Than the rude blighting breeze you fly.

Cold is the atmosphere of grief,  
When storms assail the barren breast;  
Go, then, poor exile, seek relief  
In bosoms where the heart has rest.

Or fall upon th'oblivious ground  
Where silent sorrows buried lie;  
There rest is surely to be found,  
Or what, alas! to hope have I?

Where sepulchre'd in peace, repose,  
In yonder field, the village dead,  
Go seek a shelter among those  
Who all their mortal tears have shed.

But if you come a Sybil's leaf,  
Such as did erst high truths declare,  
To tell me soon shall end my grief,  
I bless the omen that you bear.

For sure you tell me that my woe  
An end like yours at length shall have;  
That wan like you and waked so,  
I sink to the forgetful grave.

Then come, dear messenger of peace!  
Come lodge within this barren breast,  
And lie there till we both shall cease,  
To seek in vain for nature's rest.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### CHARACTER OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

GENERAL WASHINGTON was one of those exalted and dignified men who are occasionally sent into the world to adjust its difficulties, and excite its admiration. He stood above the common infirmities of human nature, and was so really and unaffectedly great, that he seemed not to know his own majesty. There was something in his countenance, which would conciliate, overawe and control, with resistless authority. Neither a Raphael nor a Rubens could pourtray his likeness. Ordinary countenances exhibit some leading trait, some individual ruling passion; but his exhibited an assemblage of all excellence, of all virtue, and all dignity. It was like the great outlines of nature, which lie beyond the reach of human art, and which none but God can imitate or mend. To an erect, commanding, and engaging form, he united a mind sublime, heroic and invincible. The waves which beat down the millions of mankind, dashed against his feet, and died. When he acted from the native sentiments of his own heart, and the ordinary dictates of his own understanding, he accomplished every thing with such ease, and with a dignity so far superior to that of his contemporaries, that those who beheld him were overawed, and retired to contemplate his greatness. Virtuous from principle, he felt and acknowledged his dependence on God; and, with an exemplary piety attended the institutions of religion. Amidst his exalted virtues, his modesty shone conspicuous, and shed such a lustre over his deportment, that he bore off in his train, the love and fear, the gratitude and wonder of all. His country lavished all her honors upon him, and yet tho' herself deficient. Immortal man!—God only can reward thee! Thy laurels reach above Heaven, and spread through eternity!—To his country he never made but one request: He asked to be buried without parade or funeral eulogy. Six millions of people wept! Praise unutterable!—The mighty WASHINGTON, though a hero injured to toil, to disaster, and to victory, possessed the liveliest sensibility; and when the multitude pressed to behold him, he burst into tears. No vice tarnished his character; and Envy herself, beholding his exalted career, dropped her shafts, and was silent. The prudent moderation of Fabius—the impetuous integrity of Artilides, and the resistless valor of Alexander, wrought a dazzling glory into his character. He lived a Christian, a hero, and philosopher, with a dignity peculiar to himself. He went out of the world as he had lived in it,—full of virtue, full of honor, without fear, and without remorse.

February 20, 1803.

#### EXTRAORDINARY RELIC.

A monastery dedicated to St. Benedict, in France, has for time immemorial been supposed to possess the precious relic the head of JOHN THE BAPTIST. Some forty years ago, a monastery, dedicated to St. Francis, overthrew their claim, by declaring that in their dormitory they had discovered the genuine CAPUT; and one of the friars, to remove every objection of its being the real Baptist's head, in the most solemn manner asserted, that when, in an holy fervor, he frequently kissed the lips, he found they still retained the flavor of locusts and wild honey! So strong a proof there was no withholding; the claim of St. Francis was admitted, and established by the conclave.

#### ANECDOTES.

SOME years ago a fellow was sentenced in Denbighshire to be cropt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law, he found that the prisoner had undergone that punishment already, which threw the hangman into a passion—"What the deuce," said the convict coolly, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears, every time I am sentenced to be cropt?"

WHEN the great Duke of Argyle was one night at the Theatre, in a side box, a person entered the same box, with boots and spurs. The Duke arose from his seat, and with great ceremony, expressed his thanks to the stranger, who somewhat confused, desired to know for what reason they were thus bestowed. The Duke gravely replied—"I do not bringing your horse into the box."

#### RECEIPT TO MAKE MEN HAPPY.

WE search after three things, honor, riches, and repose. He who lives retired from the world gains honor; he who is contented with what he has is rich; he who despises the world, and does not occupy himself with it, will find repose.

#### TO ARITHMETICUS.

YOUR Question, when rightly expounded, I ween,  
Makes the age of the Lady exactly fourteen,  
MUMBO JUMBO.



NEW-YORK:  
SATURDAY, March 5, 1803.

A bill passed the house of Representatives of this State 19th ult. for dividing the city of New-York into NINE WARDs, after the first Tuesday in October next.

A gentleman who came passenger in one of the New-York packets who left there last Saturday morning about 10 o'clock, informs us that the brig Harriot, Capt. Wheaton, belonging to Forbes, Henry, and Co. of that place, with a cargo of live stock and hay on deck, bound to the West-Indies, while riding at anchor about two miles below the town, took fire and burnt to the surface of the water. We understand that 500 dollars only was insured upon her.

By the ship *Jeffe Boag*, in 34 days from Greenock, we have received London papers to the 15th Jan. inclusive. The first Consul advances directly forward to the objects of his ambition, and appears to be surrounded by party strong enough to support him in all his schemes, however extravagant. He seems intent on obtaining the title of EMPEROR OF THE GAULS. Holland, it is said, has seriously in view to send a deputation to offer him the supreme power of that country, under the title of President of the Republic. A violent gale in the Channel the beginning of January, has occasioned great damage; the *Hindostan* an Indian ship, a ship of 1248 tons burthen, was totally wrecked. It is said she had on board bullion to the amount of 5,000 ounces; most of the crew were saved by boats. The *Active*, West Indian ship, was lost at the same time. The privilege of cutting logwood at Honduras, formerly granted by Spain to England, and which has served as a leading subject of contention almost ever since, is once more brought forward. The English talk with spirit, and there is occasion they will doubtless act with spirit. [E. P.]

Accounts from the Hague state that the most active exertions are making to complete the expedition to Louisiana, and that a number of additional transports have been engaged. Gen. C. B. Berthier is appointed chief of the expedition.

Monsieur Le Clerc, and the body of her husband, have arrived in France. The first Consul put on mourning, which he was to wear ten days. He received compliments of condolence from all the constituted authorities and foreign Ambassadors.

The Royal Humane Society of England, (of which the king is patron) for the recovery of persons apparently dead by drowning, suffocation, and other sudden accidents, was established in that kingdom in the year 1774; and since that period, has been the providential means of restoring no less than 2679 persons, who otherwise would, in all humane probability, have suffered a premature interment.

The Members of the House of Bourbon are scattered over Europe. Louis XVIII. continues at Warfaw; his constant residence is at Wildungen; the Count D'Artois, with his young son, the Duc de Berry, is in Scotland; his eldest son, the Duc D'Angoulême, and the Princess, the daughter of the murdered Louis, are with their uncle at Warfaw, while the Lady of the Count D'Artois resides at Klagenfurt. The three brothers of the Orleans Family are in England; their other and sister in Spain; the Prince and Princess de Condé, with the Duc de Bourbon, are in the vicinity of London; the second son is at Ettenheim, with the Cardinal Rohan, and their unmarried daughter is in a convent in Switzerland; the Prince de Conti is at Barcelona, while a wife has her abode in the Helvetic Republic.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A laborer lately slipped from the roof of a house in Rofsine, Dublin; but fortunately seized hold of the eve or edge of the roof, and remained suspended in that perilous manner, four stories from the pavement, until relieved. [London Paper, Dec. 3.]

Last week, as a large party was making merry at a brilliant, in the neighborhood of Kitley, the beams of the floor gave way, and the whole of the assemblage were precipitated into the room below, except the founder of the ball, who happened to be standing at the time close to the door. His astonishment was great at seeing his visitors apart in such an unusual manner, and nearly drowned by a punch which had been placed on a table. The infant of the nurse, a few minutes before, was in the room underneath, but had just left it. Fortunately the whole party escaped unhurt. [London pap. Dec. 8.]

Extract of a letter from New-Haven, dated February 26.

"This morning, at half past 1 o'clock, the new and large Brewery, belonging to the Messrs. Bakewell, in this city, was discovered to be on fire--and in one hour the building and appurtenances were all consumed, except a few casks. By great exertions, the vault was rescued from the flames, containing considerable property in liquors and casks. Mr. Bakewell also saved his books and papers---his house, which stood at 5 or 6 rods distance, was also saved; but with the loss of some furniture, in removal. The loss may amount to fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. The building was, to a certain amount, insured; but the stock, in which were about 5000 bushels of malt is all lost."

Extract of a letter from Cape-Francois, dated 9th ult. received at Baltimore.

"I am sorry to inform you that we are again besieged by the brigands and all of us obliged to fly to arms to defend the place.---I, for my part, have been out for these three days past in the mountains, pursuing and searching to dispatch them; which excursion has fatigued me so much, that I am not able to write you a full account of affairs at this time, but will by the next. Every thing is again dead.---Nothing doing but defending ourselves against the blacks---but the town is considered safe, provided the ports are guarded, which at this time are well situated---these attacks stop our trade.---There lately arrived a few troops and many more are hourly expected. The brigands attacked a fort near the town on the morning of the 5th inst. but were repulsed with some loss. After finding themselves beat off, they set fire to some houses---the drum beat to arms, which now assembled the inhabitants and flapped their progress; since which they retired farther into the mountains, and are often seen from seaports amongst the rocks. Coffee is from 24 to 25 sols; sugar not to be had; all other articles of exportation from this are high; and generally the produce of America low---money scarce."

DREADFUL EVENT.

Letters from Genoa of the 15th December, mention the sudden demolition of more than two third parts of the village of Valguardia near Oneglia, by a convulsion of the earth which took place in the following manner:---The village was composed of about 80 dwellings and 400 inhabitants. It stood on the slope of a hill in high cultivation, and around in copious springs of fresh water. On the evening of the 22d November last, two apertures were found to have been convulsively made in the ground near the village church. It rained all that night. At day break on the 23d, an enormous mass burst down from the summit of the hill, brought before it all the surface earth. The roof of the church was the first thing demolished; then 37 of the houses met, one after another the same overthrow. This passed in the course of the 23d, and so slowly, that the unfortunate villagers, could view with leisure, the progress of their disaster. In the night of the 23d, the ruins were removed to the distance of 200 paces from their former situation.

On the morning of the 24th, the remaining houses were seen standing within a precipitous accumulation of earth, which, extending entirely round them, presented every where a perpendicular front, and rose to the elevation of 50 fathoms. Vineyards, gardens, olive-trees, were all crushed and carried in one mass into the next river. The channel of the river was filled up, and the stream above converted into a lake. An opposite rock, on the territory of Betsagno, at last arrested the motion of the mass. A slope, one of the best cultivated in Italy, remains now but a bare rock. On a tract of land four miles long, and one broad, there now remains nothing to strike the eye but ruined houses, deracinated trees, and stagnating water. The poor people of the village have no present shelter but that of a few cottages which are standing; and from which they can view only their ruined property, and desolated fields.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, 3d time, a Tragedy, in 5 acts, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. called

**Alfonso,**  
KING OF CASTILE.

To which will be added a Farce, 2d time, called

**Retaliation.**

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 1, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

[3] Tickets Registered and Examined as usual.



COURT OF HYMEN.

'TIS HYMEN lights the torch of love,  
And beams benignant as the sun;  
The dawn, the rook, and gentle dove,  
Are as her content till two are one.

MARRIED.

On Thursday last week, by the Rev. Mr. Griffin, the Rev. Mr. THOMPSON, of Connecticut Farms, to Miss HATTY BEACH, daughter of Major Beach, of Newark.

On Wednesday last, at 12 o'clock, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. ALEXANDER BLECKER, to Miss FRANCES WADSWORTH, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Stuebeck, Mr. WILLIAM FANNING, to Miss NANCY SIMMONS, both of this city.

At Flushing, (L. I.) Mr. DAVID GREENWALL, to Miss CHARLOTTE FIELD;---Mr. TALMAN WATERS, to Miss SARAH OSTERMAN;---Mr. JOHN HOOGLAN, to Miss CORNELIA ROWLAND;---Mr. DIBBART, to Miss MARY ELIZABETH ANTONETT;---Mr. THOMAS ROE, to Miss ELIZABETH LOWERY;---Mr. PETER DEMILT, to Miss RAYNA REID, of Newtown.

MORTALITY.

NATURE reclaims her gifts, indulgent giv'n,  
Transports them far above all transient ill;  
Spoules release them to the arms of Heav'n,  
Whose lamp in Death's dark vale enlightens still.

DIED.

On Monday evening, of a lingering illness, Mr. BENJAMIN ANDERSON, aged 25 years.

On Wednesday morning, very suddenly, Mr. WILLIAM DE PEYSTER, long a respectable merchant of this city, aged 68 years. He was so gentle in his nature, so honest in his walk through life, and so benevolent, that all who knew him loved and esteemed him, and deeply regret his loss.

But why should we complain?---  
His God, who lent him here below,  
Has call'd him home again.

On Thursday, in the 77th year of his age, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with the greatest fortitude and resignation, DANIEL DUNSCOMB, Esq.

At New-Brunswick, a short time since, Gen. ANTHONY W. WHITE.

The city clerk reports that 34 persons (of whom one half were children) died during the week ending on the 27th ult. viz. of the 4. inflammation 1, consumption 2, debility 1, small pox 1, hives 1, violent cold 1, intoxication 1, mortification 1, and 21 of disorders not mentioned.

Terms of subscription to H. CARITAT's public Library.

Subscribers at 8 dollars per year; 4 dols. 75 cts. for six months; 2 dols. 75 cts. for three months, and a dollar per month--are entitled to Six Books in Town, or Eight in the Country.

Subscribers at 6 dollars per year; 3 dols. 50 cts. for 6 months; 2 dols. for three months, and 75 cents per month; are entitled to four books in town, or six in the country.

Subscribers at 4 dollars per year; 2 dols. 50 cts. for six months; 1 dol. 25 cts. for three months, and 50 cents per month--are entitled to Two Books at a time.

Non-Subscribers to deposit the value of the Books, and pay per week for each 40, 25 cents--20 19 cents--10 18 cents--New octavos and books of the value of 4 dollars, per week 50 cents. March 5.

THE subscriber, having discontinued the grocery business, respectfully offers her services to her friends in doing all kinds of needle work, also mantua-making or tailoring. Having a small family which are dependent on her industry for support, she will be thankful for any thing in the above line: JANE ABRAMS.

2 or 3 gentlemen or ladies can be accommodated with board and lodging, by applying at No. 6 Wall Street.

March 5 3w





## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE BEGGAR.

"AH! curse me not--no crumb of bread,  
It's past these lips since yester morn,  
No shelter for this aching head  
Have I, abandon'd and forlorn.  
"Dark is the night, and cold the blast,  
With misery am I doom'd to roam;  
All helpless on the wide world cast,  
Without one friend; without a home.  
"Yet, tho' by every ill oppress'd;  
Tho' pining want assail my life,  
A home I had; I once was blest;  
A mother lov'd; a happy wife.  
"Think not, dear sir, it is my aim  
A cunning, studied lie to raise,  
Like beggars bold who daily claim,  
The mite which passing Pity pays.  
"My husband kept a little shop;  
And well his honesty was known;  
Of credit this the surest prop  
His name would pass for all the town.  
"No comforts to his wife deny'd  
A tender husband could afford,  
Each prudent wish was gratify'd,  
Peace smil'd; and Plenty deck'd the board.  
"Why could not this good fortune last?  
Sure Heaven intended me for woe,  
Did I, unthinking live too fast  
For one to humbly plead? Ah! no!  
"Indeed, dear sir, I'm not to blame,  
The man who long had been my pride  
Grew idle, gam'd and lost to shame  
The victim of intemperance dy'd.  
"Our few remaining goods were kept  
For house-rent due a year or more,  
We were turn'd out. Ah! how I wept  
As slow I turn'd me from the door.  
"Tho' now of husband, home bereft,  
Yet I could make a living sure;  
This comfort to my heart was left,  
I still might work however poor.  
"Buoy'd up by hope, a little hot  
I took at twenty pounds a year,  
My daughter to a school I put;  
'Twas not far off, nor was it dear.  
"Her beauty ripen'd with her years.  
A lovelier girl was never seen,  
And now an anxious parent's fears  
Increas'd with blooming, fresh fifteen.  
"Those fears, alas! were too, too just,  
From a fond mother's bosom torn,  
She's now to vice and scorn reduc'd,  
Would she had dy'd, or ne'er been born!  
"A villain to seduction train'd,  
With speech so soft, and mein so mild,  
By flattery and love well feign'd,  
Ruin'd my unsuspecting child.  
"With me no longer would she rest,  
I strove my spirits to sustain,  
I labor'd on, and did my best  
A slender livelihood to gain.  
"Two months past with her paramour  
I saw her in a gig quite nigh;  
Tho' finely dress'd, she charm'd no more,  
Wasn't her cheek, sad sunk her eye.  
"I hurry'd home, the blow so rude,  
I faint'd and all thought me dead;  
A burning fever then ensu'd  
Which six weeks kept me to my bed.  
"Confin'd by illness in fever  
And long, my little money went,  
Doctors and nurses both were dear!  
And I was in arrears for rent."

"When of the fever I was quit  
I fold some clothes to buy me meat,  
Dejected, weak, for work unfit,  
I beg'd my landlord but to wait.  
"He would not. Yesterday he came;  
With cruel taunts he bade "me walk"--  
Myself I wept, but more the shame  
An only child--how wild I talk--  
"I had one boy and dear was he,  
But by a roving passion led,  
He left us all and went to sea,  
He's gone so long he must be dead.  
"With all a hapless mother's grief  
Seven tedious years the lad I mourn  
My darling cannot bring relief--  
No never shall my George return!"  
"Your George," the stranger fault'ring cry'd,  
"My name is George"--"George what?"  
"George Rose"--  
Around her, sinking at his side  
His rugged arms he wildly throws.  
Loud scream'd the wretch, "Oh God! my boy!"  
That woe-worn heart's sad beat is o'er,  
So long unfehl the touch of joy,  
It flutter'd heav'd; and burst--no more."

### ANECDOTE.

A Fellow who had been committed to Newgate prison, in Dublin, about twelve o'clock at night, on a charge of burglary, very politely apologized to the gaoler for breaking in upon his rest at so late an hour.

### NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 79 Beekman Street.

M. NASH respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has made considerable additions to his Library, and solicits a continuation of favors. Some of the most valuable works received in addition, and which only can be enumerated, are the following, viz. British Zoology, 4 vols. Ladies Magazine, 3 do. Langhorne's lives of Plurarch, 6 do.

### TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

Per Year 3 dollars and 50 cents; 6 Months 2 dollars; per Quarter 1 dollar and 25 cents; per Month 62 1/2 cents.

Also a number of Stationary Articles for sale. Customers are requested to call only in the evening.  
January 8, 1839 3m.

### GEORGE YOUNG,

PLUMBER and PAINTER, No. 298 Water-street, between Peck and New-Slip, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business extensively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead and Putty, equal to any imported. "P" Worms for Halls, Candle Moulds, and a general assortment of Pewter Articles. An Apprentice wanted to the above business. Oa. 16, 29 17

### Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent corroborative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial brighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use a her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 156 do. also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price--pints 1 dollar 25 cents--half pints 75 cents.

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.  
BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds.

### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

When decorating yourselves with the advantages of dress, examine one of the greatest ornaments of the person, that is much exposed and admired.

### A CLEAN FULL SET OF TEETH,

Which may be acquired by applying to J. GREEN WOOD, Approved Dentist, directly opposite the fourth end of the park, No. 13, fourth house from the theatre with sentiments of gratitude acknowledges the patronage he has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profession during sixteen years successful practice in this city.

He makes and fixes Teeth in many different ways, some of which are done without drawing the old stumps, causing the least pain; they help mastication, give a youthful air to the countenance, and are indispensable to render the pronunciation more agreeable and distinct. J. Green wood likewise prevents the Teeth from rotting, cleaning and restoring them to their original whiteness. Those persons who wish to have information concerning their Teeth and Gums, will be informed with pleasure by J. Green wood, gratis, whose candor may be depended on.

NB. His prices are very moderate, that every person who applies for assistance may be benefited. Jan. 15, 2m

THE subscriber returns his grateful thanks to his friends and the public in general, for the liberal encouragement he has experienced, and hopes for a continuance of their favors.

### JAMES THORBURN, No. 24 Maiden Lane.

Who has just received, per the ship Flora, capt. Lee and ship Orlando, capt. Marschalk, from Amsterdam, an elegant assortment of Work, Toiler, Fruit, Wine Glass, Tumbler, Bread and Market BASKETS.

Also, a constant supply of Cedar Tubs, Coolers, Pails and other wooden ware. Feb. 26, 6w.

### For the Use of the Fair Sex.

### THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy--this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums, all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, African Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenness Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreath, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Van Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wig and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handkerchiefs, Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinning and Curling Irons, &c. Nov. 6, 3m

### DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION;

is an effectual cure for

### ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, Scorbatic and various Eruptions of every description.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, and administered by him for several years in Europe and America with the most unparalleled success. By the simple application of this fluid night and morning, or occasionally like a day, it will remove the most sanctorous and alarming scurvy in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated Cosmetics, without any of their doubtful and sometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trash.

### CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven skin its shining appearance, and low and sickly paleness, are by this Lotion effectually moved. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible. Suffice it however to say,

I have been administered to many thousands with even a single complaint of its inefficacy.

A small bottle, at 75 cents, will be found sufficient to prove its value--Price, half pints, 75 cents--Pints, Dollar 25 cents. Nov. 27.

### PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.